Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
*Fri.* Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
*Ro.* Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
*Fri.* Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? yonng mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in waste,
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.
*Ro.* Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
*Fri.* For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
*Ro.* And badst me burie loue.
*Fri.* Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
*Ro.* I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth



Doth grace for grace, and loue
The other did not so.
*Fri.* O she knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, tha
But come young wauerer, come
In one respect ile thy assistant b
For this alliance may so happie
To turne your households ranco
*Ro.* O let vs hence, I stand o
*Fri.* Wisely and slow, they st

*Enter* Benuolio *and*

*Mer.* Where the deule shou
home to night?
*Ben.* Not to his fathers, I spok
*Mer.* Why that same pale har
Torments him so, that he will s
*Ben. Tibalt*, the kisman to old
fathers house.
*Mer.* A challenge on my life
*Ben. Romeo* will answere it.
*Mer.* Any man that can wri
*Ben.* Nay, he wil answere the l
ing dared.
*Mercu.* Alas poore *Romeo*,
white wenches blacke eye, runn
song, the very pinne of his
bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is
*balt*?
*Ro.* Why what is *Tybalt*?
*Mer.* More then Prince of C
captain of Complements: he figh
time, distance & proportion, he
and the third in your bosome:
ton, a dualist a dualist, a gentlem